# NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXIII., No. 8. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, APRIL 20, 1888. 30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.


## "KITTENS."

Interesting bits of many an artist's home life are often to be seen in their paintings, a fine example of which appears in "Kittens," Mr. C. Burton Barber's first success as an animal painter was made a few years when he exhibited his picture of a fox-terrier puppy entitled "Once Bit, Twice Shy, or the Baby and the Mustard Pot." The baby has grown since then into a winsome little English maiden, who has lost none of her fondness for pets, but who is often at a loss to reconcile her love of them with her sense of duty. Just now she has made a great effort to be studious and shut out, as she supposed, all her playmates. But the kitten has, not for the first time, proved too sharp for her, and before she is aware of it has lured her away from her book for another game of romps. There is evidently a complete understanding between the two and we are afraid that our little student is none too sorry for the interruption.

"KITTENS." *(By C. Burton Barber.)*

## THROUGH THE HEART.

The parish of Grosbury had two ministers within a year. The town was settled by a few families of strong, shrewd intellects and stronger prejudices. When men of active brain are forced into isolated, solitary lives, apart from the world and its wider interests, they usually develop eccentricities, just as a tree grows gnarled when it is cramped by its environments.

Mr. Wood, as we shall call the first pastor, was a young, vehement, well-meaning Christian. He resolved to beard each separate lion in its den. He listened to the complaints which his parishioners poured into his ears of each other, and then began his rounds of visits.

"I have been told that you," he said to one, "are envious, and close to niggardliness. Know these as your faults, fight them, pray against them."

"You," to another, "are charged with dealings so sharp as to be dishonest;" "You are untruthful;" "You, idle and extravagant." He prayed, pleaded, argued against these faults, but in vain. His hearers listened with indignation or icy composure. In less than a year he was forced to resign his charge. He had accomplished nothing.

His successor heard his story in silence. He heard also the charges against each of his flock, but made no comment. After some weeks he had discovered the few good qualities of these faulty men, and then he went to work. He combined them all into a great charitable organization. To those who had executive ability he gave the management. A man who was fond of children, he placed in control of the school. Clever people wrote, dull ones worked with the needle or tools, those whose manner was friendly and at-

tractive were sent out to bring in wanderers from the highways. He came nearer to them day by day, as their fellow-worker and friend.

The first pastor, returning after a few years, found a body of earnest, active Christians, working together humbly and peaceably.

"How did you reach them? Every door of their hearts was barred against me," he said.

"The Spirit of God has always entered a man's heart by one door," was the reply. "It is usually hinted to you by his chief good quality. Bring Christ to him through that way, not by attacking his worst passion or vice. Disarm him by an outstretched hand. Do not force him to put on his armor by a previous attack."—*Youth's Companion.*

## THE BROKEN VASE.

The owner of the famous Wedgewood potteries, in the beginning of this century, was not only a man of remarkable mechanical skill, but a devout and reverent Christian. On one occasion a nobleman of dissolute habits, and an avowed atheist, was going through the works, accompanied by Mr. Wedgewood, and by a young lad who was employed in them, the son of pious parents. Lord C—— sought early opportunity to speak contemptuously of religion. The boy at first looked amazed, then listened with interest, and at last with evident approval.

Mr. Wedgewood made no comment, but soon found occasion to show to his guest the process of making a fine vase; how with infinite care the delicate paste was moulded into a shape of rare beauty and fragile texture, how it was painted by a skilful artist, and finally passed through the furnace, coming out perfect in form and pure in quality. The nobleman exclaimed with delight, and stretched out his hand for it, but the potter threw it on the ground, shattering it into a thousand pieces.

"What can you be thinking about?" said Lord C—— in amazement. "I wished to take that cup home for my collection! Nothing can restore it again."

"No. Yet you forget, my lord," said Mr Wedgewood, "that the soul of that lad who has just left us is of priceless value; that his parents, friends, all good influences, have been at work during his whole life to make him a vessel fit for his Master's use; and that you, with your touch, have, it may be, undone the work of years—so that no human hand can bind together again what you have broken."

Lord C——, who had never before received a rebuke from any inferior in station, stared at Mr. Wedgewood in silence. Then, "You are an honest man," he said, frankly holding out his hand. "I never thought of the effect of my words."

There is no subject which young men who doubt are more fond of discussing than religion, too often parading the crude, half-comprehended atheistic arguments which they have heard, or read, before boys to whom such doubts are new.

Like Lord C——, they "do not think." They do not probably believe these arguments themselves, and they forget that they are infusing poison into healthy souls which no after efforts of theirs can ever remove. A moment's carelessness may destroy the work of years.—*Selected.*

## A BAD HABIT.

"Of course, it will rain to-morrow just because I want to go to town."

I suppose you constantly hear people say such things as that; probably you say them yourself. It is a general custom, even with good Christians, and apt to be accepted as quite innocent. To me it seems particularly wrong and particularly ungrateful. Any Christian will admit that God is strangely careful for our little pleasures, not only that he gives us life and breath and all things, but that he makes the ins and outs of every day matters fit comfortably together so many times when we had every reason to fear a painful jar, that he seems, so to speak, to go out of his way to please us; and then we glibly assert at any minute, as a sort of rhetorical flourish, not even with a bitter tang showing the temptation of keen feeling, "It will be sure to be that way, just because I want it this way. It always is so."

To think of such a habit carried on through a lifetime! In the face of God's watchful kindness! I wonder that we are not afraid. I wonder still more that we are not ashamed. It would be so much more natural, and so infinitely sweeter, to take as a matter of course what is really the matter of course, that "He careth for us;" in little things and in great, in all that we ourselves care for.

Perhaps I turn the verse aside from its main meaning in the apostle's argument, but I know I can use it as a thanksgiving: "Every good gift and every perfect gift cometh down from the Father of lights." It is a verse which the weakest Christian can gloat over. Dwell on the words,—"Every good gift,"—"every perfect gift,"—"cometh down:"—nothing withheld;—He is the giver of every good and every perfect gift.

Suppose an earthly friend unweariedly worked for our good, would we lightly accuse him before his enemies of always thwarting us in trivial mean ways? How can we so misrepresent our Heavenly Father, "the one whose name is Help," "our friendly God"?—*Selected.*

## TAKE CARE OF THE NEWLY-CONVERTED SCHOLARS.

It has frequently been said that the conversion of the scholar is the great end of Sunday-school instruction. This is a mistake. When a scholar is converted to God, the work of the teacher is by no means done. That scholar needs special care and guidance, that he may develop into a useful and consistent Christian. Who so competent, next to the parent, to exercise this needed care and guidance, as the Sunday-school teacher?

At this season of the year, when extra efforts are being made for the conversion of sinners, and when many of our scholars, thanks be to God, find the Lord Jesus Christ in the pardon of their sins, it may be well to call the attention of the teachers in our Sunday-schools to the subject which forms the caption of this article.

That the Christian life is beset with many trials and difficulties is a fact plainly taught in the Bible and confirmed by experience. This is especially true of the young in our day. There are a thousand forces prejudicial to their steadfastness and adverse to their growth in grace. What a weight of concern should rest upon the heart of the teacher, lest in the hour of temptation some of these newly-saved should fall away!

The devoted teacher asks, "What shall I do to prevent the newly-converted members of my class making shipwreck of faith, and bringing reproach upon the cause of Christ?—what can I do to keep them from backsliding?" We will give a few directions, which, if heeded, will go very far toward accomplishing the purpose in view.

Impress upon their minds the importance of studying God's Word prayerfully and diligently. Show them that, if they would maintain the joyous experience found by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, as well as have it deepened and perfected, they must be earnest students of the Bible. If they would be wise and useful, they must "search the Scriptures." Unfold to them, by your own knowledge of God's Word, and by your own religious experience the beauty of God's Word. Send them to their Bibles with a hunger and a thirst created within them by your own representations of the rich treasures of God's Word.

Make them to understand the importance of attending the Divinely-appointed means of grace. This do, not only by calling attention to it, but by the force of your own example. Urge them not merely to attend the different services of the Church, but also to take part in them. In the public service of the Church let them take part in the outward form as well as enter into the inner spirit of the worship. When called upon to pray in the prayer-meeting, let them contribute in that way, to the best of their ability, to the success of the meeting. When an opportunity is given for them to speak in the class-meeting, they should testify to what the blessed Saviour has done for them. Let the subject of secret prayer not be forgotten. Speak to them of the many mighty men of God who received their power for doing good by communing with God in secret.

Set them to working for Christ. This will not require much effort if they have been thoroughly converted to God. The ardor of their first love to Christ will suggest that. Their zeal may need the prudent guidance of a more mature mind. You are to direct their zeal, but don't smother it.—*Living Epistle.*

## THE LITTLE ALASKAN CHILD.

In "*Gospel in all Lands*," we find the following true story about a little Indian girl in Alaska. She was sad and neglected. No one cared for her. Her hair was tangled; face and hands dirty; and her only garment, a cotton dress, was faded and soiled. One day this little girl found her way into a mission school and was gladly received by the teacher, who had come to bless just such poor little waifs. Soon the Indians gave the child to the teacher, who took her home. In six months she learned to speak English and to read the English Testament; also to write and sew, and do many kinds of housework. She became tidy, pleasant-mannered, clean, and happy.

After she had been with the teacher a while, there grew up in her heart a great desire for a doll, only a cheap little doll, such as we can buy for sixpence. She began to save up her pennies to buy one. One day she picked several quarts of berries and sold them for sixpence.

That afternoon at the school the lesson was about Christ, who gave up so much, and for our sakes became poor. This made the little girl wish to do something to show her gratitude to the dear Saviour who had done so much for her. That night, when bed-time came, she carried to the teacher her sixpence, which was to buy the doll she wanted so much, and said, "Teacher, divide; Jesus half, me half." She was willing to wait a little longer for her doll, so that Jesus might have part of her money. How many of our readers are willing to make as much sacrifice to teach just such needy children as this child once was.

## SCHOLARS' NOTES.

*(From International Question Book.)*

### LESSON IV.—MAY 6.

THE JUDGMENT.—Matt. 25: 31-46.

Commit Verses 37-40.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.—Matt. 25: 46.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Our eternal future depends on what we are and do here.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 25: 31-46.
T. Rev. 20: 1-15.
W. 2 Pet. 3: 1-14.
Th. Jude 14-25.
F. 2 Cor. 5: 21.
Sa. Rom. 14: 7-18.
Su. 2 Tim. 4: 1-8.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

31. *Son of man shall come:* his final coming at the end of the human state on earth. *In his glory:* he will no longer be in obscurity, as when on earth. *On the throne:* as king and judge. 33. *Right hand:* the place of honor and blessing. *Sheep:* innocent and useful, a symbol of God's people. *Goats:* wild, passionate, ungoverned, a symbol of the wicked. 34. *Inherit:* receive as the children and heirs of God. *Kingdom:* the good shall be kings and priests to God, enjoying the perfect blessedness of Christ's kingdom. 37. *When saw we thee,* etc.: the truly good do good so easily and naturally that it soon passes out of their mind. These works were the *fruit* of faith, and proved it. 41. *Depart:* the far from God in character must go far from him in blessedness. *Prepared for the devil:* the place of punishment was not prepared for men, but for Satan, who rebelled against God; but those like Satan must live where Satan lives. 44. *When saw we thee:* the bad think they are better than they are. 45. Neglect of the poor is neglect of Christ. Sins of omission only are mentioned here, neglects of duty, absence of good works; but they are enough to condemn us.

SUBJECT: THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

QUESTIONS.

I. The Judgment Scene (vs. 31-33).—What is the greatest event in the future? At what time will the day of judgment come? (Rev. 20: 11-13; Heb. 9: 27; Mark 13: 32.) Who will be the judge? (John 5: 22, 23, 27.) In what manner will he come? Who will come with him? Who will be judged? (2 Tim. 4: 1.) Into what two classes will they be divided? Who are meant by the sheep? the goats? Why so called?

II. The Righteous Rewarded (v. 34).—How will the righteous be rewarded? What does Jesus call them? What is the kingdom prepared for them? (See Rev. 21. 22.) How long has it been prepared. Why is it said "come" to the righteous, but "depart" to the wicked?

III. Because their Deeds are Righteous and their Hearts Right (vs. 35-40).—What six good works did the righteous do? Were these all, or only specimens? How did these show their fitness for heaven? Were they saved by their good works or by faith? (Rom. 10: 9, 10: James 2: 14-18.)

If Jesus were here, would you like to do something for him? How can you do it? Does true religion always make us kind and helpful? What did the righteous say in reply? Why are the good unconscious of how good they are? May all our acts contain influences and blessings beyond what we can now know? What was the final reward of the righteous? (v. 46.) What is eternal life?

IV. The Wicked Punished (v. 41).—Who were on the left hand? Why must they depart? Depart from whom and from what?

V. Because their Deeds are Evil (v. 42-46).—For what are the wicked condemned? How was their neglect of the needy a neglect of Christ? Where must the wicked go? Is their doom just? Is it necessary? Could they have escaped it? How may we avoid it? Why are only sins of omission mentioned?

### LESSON IV.—MAY 13.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.—Matt. 26: 17-30.

Commit Verses 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.—1 Cor. 5: 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The work of Christ prefigured by the Passover, and symbolized by the Lord's Supper.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 26: 1-16.
T. Matt. 26: 17-30.
W. Mark 14: 12-26.
Th. Luke 22: 7-30.
F. 1 Cor. 11: 23-34.
Sa. Ex. 12: 1-27.
Su. John 13: 1-30.

Parallel Accounts.—Mark 14: 12-26; Luke 22: 7-30; 1 Cor. 11: 23-25. Compare John 13: 1-30, and read John chapters 13-17.

Intervening Events.—Jesus spends Tuesday night, all day Wednesday and part of Thursday at Bethany, in retirement. At the same time Judas and the Pharisees are plotting against Jesus.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

17. *First day,* etc., omit the italics. The day was the 14th of Nisan, the day preceding the evening when the Passover was eaten. On that day all leaven was removed from the houses,—a cleansing of house and heart. 18. *Go into the city:* probably to a disciple. How they recognized the house is told in Mark 14: 13-15. *Keep the passover:* the great annual feast of the Jews, in memory of their deliverance from Egypt (Ex. 12: 1-27). It taught them that God was their deliverer, that they were saved by the blood of the lamb, pointing to the Lamb of God,—with bitter herbs of repentance, and putting away all the leaven of sin. 20. *He sat down:* or rather reclined. 21. *One of you shall betray me:* he did not name the person, but gave him an opportunity to repent, and led the others to examine their own hearts. 23. *Dippeth with me in the dish:* a central dish containing sauce, into which each guest dipped his herbs, bread, and meat before eating. 26. *Took bread:* a symbol of Jesus' broken body. He is the food of the soul. He must be received into the soul. *This is my body:* this represents my body; as he had once said "I am the door," "I am the vine." 27. *The cup:* containing the wine. But the word *wine* is never used in connection with the Lord's Supper, but only the cup, the fruit of the vine. Unfermented grape juice fulfils all the conditions. 28. *New Testament:* or covenant. The Gospel dispensation. The *New Testament* as a name is derived from this. 39. *They went out:* chapters 14-17 of John belong just before this.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—Where were Christ and his disciples in our last lesson? Where did they then go? How long after was the supper described in this lesson? In what other places do we find accounts of the institution of the Lord's Supper?

SUBJECT: THE LORD'S SUPPER THE MEMORIAL OF CHRIST.

I. The Passover (vs. 17-25.)—What was the origin of the Passover? (Ex. 12.) Why was it called the feast of unleavened bread? At what season of the year was it observed? How was it celebrated? (Num. 28: 16-25.) Of what was the lamb a type? Why was leaven excluded? (Ex. 12: 34, 39; Deut. 16: 3; 1 Cor. 5: 7: 8).

Where did Jesus celebrate the Passover? Whom did he send to make preparations? (v. 18; Luke 22: 8.) How did they know where to go? (Luke 22: 10-12.) What took place when they first reached the house. (Luke 22: 24.) How did Jesus teach them a better way? (Luke 22: 24-30; John 13: 1-17.)

What else took place during the supper? (vs. 21-25.) Why did Jesus make this announcement? Had Judas already agreed to betray him? (Matt. 26: 14, 15.)

II. The Lord's Supper (vs. 26-30.)—What new ordinance did Jesus institute during the Passover? For what purpose? (1 Cor. 11: 24-26.) Why did Jesus use bread for his supper? What food does the soul need? What did Jesus say this bread was? What is signified by our eating this bread? by our eating it together? What did the cup signify? How did it show forth Christ's death? What is meant by testament?

Who should partake of the Lord's Supper? Is it a duty or privilege? Should it be a feast of joy? What did Jesus do after supper? (John chaps. 14, 15, 16.) With what prayer did he close? (John 17.)

## LESSON CALENDAR.

*(Second Quarter, 1888.)*

1. Apr. 1.—The Marriage Feast.—Matt. 22: 1-14.
2. Apr. 8.—Christ's Last Warning.—Matt. 23: 27-39.
3. Apr. 15.—Christian Watchfulness.—Matt. 24: 42-51.
4. Apr. 22.—The Ten Virgins.—Matt. 25: 1-13.
5. Apr. 29.—The Talents.—Matt. 25: 14: 30.
6. **May 6.—The Judgment.—Matt. 25: 31-46.**
7. **May 13.—The Lord's Supper.—Matt 26: 17-30.**
8. May 20.—Jesus in Gethsemane.—Matt. 26: 36-46.
9. May 27.—Peter's Denial.—Matt. 26: 67-75.
10. June 3.—Jesus Crucified.—Matt. 27: 33: 50.
11. June 10.—Jesus Risen.—Matt. 28: 1-15.
12. June 17.—The Great Commission.—Matt. 28: 16-20.
13. Review, Temperance.—1 Cor. 8: 1-13, and Missions.

# THE HOUSEHOLD.

## LET NO, MEAN NO.

BY JEAN E. LANCASHIRE.

It had been a long, tedious day for me. I had been travelling since early morning, and was about to settle myself for a nap when mother and daughter entered the car.

The perfectly independent way of the little one arrested my attention. She was a dark-haired lassie, with bright eyes and dimpling smiles.

"This way, dear. Sit in the seat with mamma,"

"I want a seat by myself,"

"Mamma would rather have you with her. You may sit by the window," coaxingly.

Miss Independent shook her head decidedly, and mamma sat down by herself with a sigh.

About three minutes passed quietly.

The dark eyes were roving around, and lighted on the water cooler.

"Mamma may I get a drink?"

"No, dear. You had one just before you came into the cars."

Our little Miss had slipped from her seat, and with smiling indecision was searching mamma's face.

"I am going."

"No—no, Daisy. Mamma says no."

Daisy was sidling from the seat with eyes fixed on mamma, who turned and looked out of the window.

Then Daisy boldly went to the water cooler. Having gone once it was a small thing to make frequent trips, draw the water, barely touch it to her lips, and turn the cupful away.

Just as this was growing monotonous to child and passengers, a boy came through the car with fruits and candies for sale. A package of candies was dropped into Daisy's seat.

"Mamma buy it for me," said Daisy.

"No, love. Mamma is afraid it will make you sick. Do you remember how sick you were the other night?"

"I want it."

The lips were pouting.

"Now, Daisy, darling, don't tease," beseechingly.

"I shall cry if you don't buy it, mamma," asserted Daisy.

"If I buy it, Daisy, will you eat just one piece, and let me keep the rest for you?"

Daisy's face brightened and she readily agreed.

The candy was bought, the single piece quickly demolished.

"Just two more pieces, mamma, and then I won't ask for any more."

"Daisy, I said no. I am not going to give it to you."

"I don't like you," asserted Daisy, the lips pouting again.

Mamma was silent.

"Please, mamma, just two more pieces?"

"Daisy, you promised me you wouldn't tease."

"I won't after this if you give me two pieces."

"Are you sure?"

Daisy was sure, and the two pieces were given.

Why prolong the play. Ere I left the car not one piece of candy was left in the package, and Daisy was using her efforts quite successfully in the purchase of bananas.

Mamma looked worn and tired, and Daisy grew more fretful and exacting.

Can you see the picture fifteen years later, if each is spared so long?

Let mothers take a lesson from this little story and let no, mean no.—*Christian at Work.*

## HOW TO TRAIN THE BABY.

Judicious "letting alone" is a great gift. Happy the babies whose mothers possess it! Unfortunately there are comparatively few who do, and still fewer nurses.

The child should from the first be accustomed to absolute regularity in regard to its meals; but although this is essential, it is a very great mistake to apply the same rule to other matters—dressing, for instance. I have known many otherwise judicious mothers, with a mania for regularity, insist upon the baby's bathing-hour with as much energy as upon its evening meal, and allow of its being awakened to be washed. This is a very serious mistake. An infant's sleep should never be broken in upon. Even when the nursing-hour arrives, it is exceedingly injudicious to arouse the baby for the sake of punctuality; but so easily are habits formed, that if the child is nursed at regular intervals, from the beginning, it will naturally stir about the right time, and can be gently lifted up and nursed without arousing it entirely.

Washing and dressing are quite different affairs. It is really better to let the infant remain unwashed than to waken it because the time for the bath has come. It is necessary to insist upon this fact, because calm is the key-note of training the baby. Fussy nurses and mothers, over anxious and fidgety, never have those sonsy, good-tempered, smiling babies whom we all love to see. The little ones in the over-exact nursery are nervous, peevish, irritable; as unsatisfactory as those on whose training no thought whatever is expended.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Dark green shades are the most serviceable, although half-curtains made of checked gigham, cottage muslin, or close-cloth, run on tapes and tacked to the window sash, will in some cases be all that is needed; and it is always convenient to have two sets, so as to change comfortably when necessary.

The walls of a kitchen should always be painted, and a light color is to be preferred. They will need washing twice a year, or at the most every three months. If they are plastered or calcimined, it is a good plan to tack clean newspapers just back of the tubs and table, to protect the wall as much as possible; and we have seen coarse crash and cheese-cloth used for this purpose.

There is perhaps no more useful article in the kitchen than old newspapers, therefore it is well to keep a drawer for them; they are convenient for covering the shelves, to polish silver, tinware, glass, and the stove; when broiling meat spread them on the floor to prevent the drippings from the meat spotting the floor; they are also convenient for starting the fire, to tack on the wall, to cover things, and in very many ways prove useful.

To be particular about little things, such as the soap-dish, match-box, salt-box, twine basket, and towel-rack, is a sure sign of a well-ordered kitchen. Dish towels, kitchen aprons, and kitchen towels have, of course, a drawer kept for them in or near the kitchen; and it is also handy to have three or four different sized pan-holders hanging near the range, also a kitchen clothes-basket or bag, in which to keep all soiled kitchen linen. While the kitchen should be perfectly furnished, it is bad taste to put anything not strictly adapted to it in it; for instance, an upholstered sofa, chair, or footstool, seems out of place, while a plain wooden chair and a couple of milking stools of different heights, one to be used as a foot-rest, are proper and necessary.—*Harper's Bazar.*

## HELPS TO HEALTH.

BY AUNT DODE.

Suitable dress is one condition of health. Clothing should be warm, light and comfortable. Woollen stockings should be worn throughout the winter, and such boots as will effectually preserve the feet from dampness. Cloth boots, however thick the soles, are unfit for wet weather, as the ankles are sure to get wet, and they remain a long time damp. The popular notions of a beautiful foot are extremely erroneous. It is thought desirable the foot should be very narrow and tapering at the toe. Now, this is not the form in which feet are made, consequently, the modern boot is calculated to produce deformity, and an ungraceful carriage is the result.

But the foot is not the only part of the frame that we delight to deform. What shall we say to the tight-lacing system and the tortures endured? Dr. Todd says; "Even Pharaoh only demanded bricks without straw for a short time; but the fashionable lady asks to live without breathing for many years." At the present day so much has been written against the improper use of corsets that some of the new generation do not wear stays at all. Still many thousands do. Many sudden deaths have occurred solely from tight lacing. But to describe a tithe of these cases would be to fill a volume, and for the present we must content ourselves with admonitions, the more earnest because it is of vital importance to every woman to be perfectly well formed, not only for her own sake, but also as it may greatly affect her offspring.

Another common error in dress is to allow a great weight to rest on the hips. No heavy skirts should be fastened round the waist without a body or strap over the shoulders to throw the weight on them. But, indeed, lightness should be as much studied as warmth in selecting articles of dress. To walk or take other exercise in heavy clothes is to add enormously to the fatigue. Nor must it be forgotten that we catch cold more frequently from exposing our backs than our chests to draughts. The lungs are attached to the spine, and are placed between the shoulders, and, through ignorance of this fact, we protect our chests from cold, but think the shoulders of no consequence. Both parts should be covered with flannel.

The best safeguard is to strengthen the constitution as much as possible. Cool sponging is an almost certain preventive of cold catching. Fresh air is another necessary of life and health. As soon as you rise from bed, you should throw off the whole of the bed clothes, and open windows in order that a thorough draught should air the sheets and bed. In damp weather a fire is better than having the window open too long. The nightdress also should be thoroughly aired after being taken off, never folded up directly as is sometimes done. The same rule applies to linen taken off at night to be put on again in the morning. Every article should be hung up so as to be aired—never folded up. There is no necessity for untidiness if this rule is carried out. The room may look quite as orderly as if every article was folded, and the advantage to the health is incalculable.—*Household.*

PRETTY KITCHENS.—The *Detroit Tribune* says: "There is no objection to a pretty kitchen, or, to a girl filling one up with bric-a-brac if she keeps it free from dust. A kitchen to those who do the work in it is the living room, and why should it not be made convenient and pretty? If the kitchen is a comfortable, cheery room, most girls will take a pride in keeping it so. Give them pink colored tissue paper for the shelves, if they wish it, and a fancy lamp shade to read by after the kitchen is tidied up for the night. See, too, that they have convenient utensils to cook with, a good clothes wringer and plenty of clothes-pins, and a good stove. It will pay you well to look after these things in the good, wholesome dishes that will come on to the table well cooked. Many girls have do with makeshifts that you would not think possible for yourself to use—a broken wringer, a tub without handles, or a wash-boiler or tea-kettle, with a rag run through a hole to prevent leaking. No girl likes to ask for repairs, and oftentimes the mistress is too careless to look well after the little things of her kitchen." I would add: Let the girl's sleeping-room be a pleasant, attractive place. Many a horse has better quarters for rest than our servants have. Look well to the comfort of the servants. If not appreciative at first they may learn to be so.

TEACH YOUR CHILDREN to depend upon their own resources. When my baby was but five weeks old, after she was fed and comfortable, I laid her on the bed, pulled up her skirts so she could kick, and let her lie as long as she would. Upon the first trial she was quiet but ten minutes, but I persevered, and after a while she would lie awake perfectly good for one hour by the clock. As a consequence, when she grew older she amused herself, and now my children are noted for the fund of self-entertainment they possess; and when their originality begins to flag, I come to the rescue with some trifling device that starts them on again for another hour.

## RECIPES.

BAKING HAM.—After you have boiled a ham, it improves it much to skin it, sprinkle with pepper, and bake in a brisk oven for one half-hour.

POTATO BALLS.—Two teacups mashed potato, two well-beaten eggs, salt, pepper, and two tablespoons melted butter. Form into balls, roll in flour, and fry in hot lard or drippings.

RAISED CAKE.—Two cups of raised dough, two eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, one cup of fruit and spices. To be put into the oven at once. This amount makes two loaves.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—One cup sweet milk, part cream, sour milk or buttermilk; three tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one cup of meal, one cup flour. *Dried fruit if you like.* Steam 1½ hours.

TO WASH FLANNELS.—A little liquid ammonia added to the water in which flannels are washed, will prevent them from becoming yellow and shrinking. To preserve their softness, wash them in tepid water, rinse in water of the same temperature, and dry rapidly at a moderate heat.

BEEFSTEAK AND OYSTER PUDDING.—Line a basin with suet crust, then fill it with tender steak and oysters in layers, a score of the latter to two pounds of the former. The meat should be in strips, with a bit of fat rolled up in each strip of lean; the seasoning, salt and pepper with a pinch of grated nutmeg, and for gravy use the oyster liquor thickened with browned flour, half filling the basin with it. Cook three hours or more, according to size, and have ready some extra gravy to serve with the pudding.

FRUIT CAKE THAT WILL LAST A YEAR.—Wash and drain well one pound of currants; chop coarsely one pound of raisins; chop, or slice, one-half pound citron. Beat five eggs and two cups of brown sugar together, then add to them one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of spices to taste. Stir into this mixture six cups of flour, reserving one-half cup to mix with the raisins, to prevent their settling to the bottom. Add fruits last.

HOW TO MEND RUBBER GOODS.—Take a piece of any old rubber for the patch; then rub the patch and the place around the hole where it is to be put, with sand-paper; coat both with liquid rubber four or five times, letting it dry each time; apply it again and place the patch on firmly and apply a pressure on the place for several hours. To make liquid rubber dissolve small pieces of rubber in spirits of turpentine to the consistency of molasses and keep it warm.

CANNED SALMON WITH SAUCE.—Canned salmon may be quickly prepared with white sauce, and is a change from serving without dressing. Place can in boiling water half an hour, then remove fish carefully from can and place on hot platter and pour over it the following white sauce: Place one pint sweet milk on fire, when it boils add one tablespoon of cornstarch, stirred smooth in half a teacup of cold milk, three tablespoons butter, pepper, salt and a sprig of parsley. Let boil three minutes. With bread, butter, potato balls, fruit cake, tea or coffee, a palatable meal may be made.

MOULD OF CHICKEN.—Boil a chicken or chickens in as little water as possible, until very tender: pick the meat from the bones, rejecting the skin, and chop or cut into small pieces—not mince. Season with pepper and salt. Boil until hard half a dozen eggs, and cut into slices. Put into the bottom of a mould some slices of egg, cover with chicken, then arrange some slices of egg around the sides of the mould, press the chicken against the pieces to keep in place. In this way fill the dish. Boil down the broth so that there will be about a cupful for each chicken; season, and to each cupful add a teaspoonful of gelatine, which you have first soaked in very little cold water. Pour over the chicken while warm, not hot, and set it aside for a day and night. Turn into a platter and garnish with celery leaves or parsley.

## PUZZLES.

### HOW MANY HIDDEN AMERICAN POETS?

When long ago existed man,
With ax terrific he began,
Sturdy oaks ere long fell low—
His blow hit tiers of all that grow,
But in his plan, I erst have learned
That where the poplar comes he turned.
As most odd ardent people make
Away, the good alert escape.
To Eschol messengers were sent;
And with untiring speed they went.
One with his axe felled vines—but lo!
We'll tell no more of long ago.
But care you more of this to learn?
To earth's first epic poets turn.
With art endued they sang in lays—
To earth's Redeemer songs of praise.

### A NARRATIVE,

CONTAINING A LESSON ONCE LEARNED BY EVERY WISE MAN.

Auntie brings Caroline down every February. Goes home in June. Knits lamp mats nicely of patterns quite rare, square, triangular, uneven. Very wonderful xanthic yarn zephyr.

### LEAVINGS.

1. Take a small winged insect from a large winged insect, and leave an article of food.
2. Take an animal away from a flower and leave a fop.
3. Take a piece of ground away from one of the United States, and leave a girl.
4. Take a relative away from a kind of fruit, and leave a machine for raising water.
5. Take an insect away from a non-commissioned army officer, and leave a kind of cloth.
6. Take a thick resinous substance away from an inhabitant of a country in Asia and leave just what you took away.

### AN ANAGRAM.

I find rich saints upon the earth,
Rich saints they are indeed;
For from the throne of plenty they
Get every thing they need;
Rich saints they are—O! rich indeed,
And theirs a noble creed.

### A RIDDLE.

White at first as snow new fallen,
Then a round thing, green and swollen;
By a spheroid that is followed,
Scarlet, gold, or garnet colored.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES—NUMBER 8.

TRANSPOSITION.—Hearth-earth.

PIED FISH.—1. Salmon. 2. Anchovy. 3. Trout. 4. Lamprey. 5. Mullet. 6. Sturgeon. 7. Stickleback. 8. Sole.

ENIGMA.—Consummate.

BEHEADINGS.—1. Bread-read; 2 Bangle-angle; 3. Olive-live; 4. Glove-love; 5. Bowl-owl; 6. Dwell-well; 7. Bore-ore; 8. Box-ox; 9. Glass-lass; 10. Bear-ear; 11. Meat-eat; 12. Hat-at; 13. Clock-lock.

## The Family Circle.

### THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I say to thee, do thou repent
To the first man thou mayest meet,
In lane, highway, or open street—

That he and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above.

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain,
That death itself shall not remain,

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in Heavenly day.

And we, on divers shores now cast
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's Home at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this,
Yet one word more—they only miss
The winning of that final bliss.

Who will not count it true, that love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above;
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessings, all with curses rife,
That this is blessing, this is life.

—*Trench.*

### MY TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

Three years ago, I one day laid down my knitting and folded my hands and said to myself (I didn't often, you know, have any one else to say things to),

"Susannah Pratt Ryder, you've no need to fear coming to want in your old age." (Pratt was my mother's maiden name, and I was named for her.) For I had just received a certificate of deposit for two thousand dollars in the Life and Trust Bank. So now I had the interest on that, and the little house I lived in, with its acre of ground, which, planted on shares by my neighbor, Jerry Dobson, gave me my vegetables all summer and my potatoes in winter.

I had worked hard for that money, nursing, sewing, and knitting, year in and year out. I had quit nursing since the time I gave Mrs. Lawyer Primo's baby saffron tea for catnip on account of my eyesight getting bad. Sewing had to stop for the same reason, but I hope to keep up the knitting till the time comes for folding my hands and closing my eyes, for it's something to be at and doesn't interfere with thinking of bygone times or saying over a hymn or a text of Scripture, and brings me enough for my annual subscription to the Foreign Missionary Society, and a bit for any worthy object which may come along.

So, you see, I settled down as comfortable and assured as if I'd entirely forgotten what a poor business it is to place your trust in earthly riches. Before I half know it, you'd be astonished to think how my mind got to dwelling on that two thousand dollars.

And, sure enough, if any one had little call to depend on things it was me. Time was when I'd no need to be looking out for a provision for my old age. For, ah me! there was nowhere a tenderer heart or a stronger or more industrious pair of hands than Isaac Ryder had when we came here to begin life together in this little house, and soon began laying our plans for building on to it.

There is a pretty view from it of woods and river and meadow, and just beyond the village on a low slope is the graveyard. I didn't think much then either way of the view we had of it, but now—I can't since my sight failed just make out the two short graves and one long one there, but I know exactly where they lie.

We never made the house any larger, for the little ones who came to it only stayed a short time. Then, after Isaac lay for years in consumption, the farm had to be sold, all but the house and the acre of ground. I was glad to go to work—it was my only help in forgetting the dreadful loneliness and in keeping down the cry, "If I could only have kept the little ones!" But it was a comfort, too, to think how Isaac would find them waiting for him in heaven, for he was always great for liking to have his own folks about him. Not to say I didn't feel that way myself, but men somehow can't stand things as women can, you know. And as years went on I got used to the loneliness and settled down for a quiet old age with my two thousand dollars and my knitting, for I keep that up, bless you! yes, indeed, old eyes don't need to stop that. I got so used to doing it nights when sick folks didn't sleep and the light was poor that now, when I'm doing the ribbing, narrowing, or turning the heel, or toeing off, I'm very apt to shut my eyes.

Well, you may imagine it gave me something of a turn when Isaac's nephew, Joshua John Ryder, came and asked me to lend him that money to put into a big business he had a chance of getting into. Isaac had always set great store by Joshua John, and I felt as if he'd want me to do it, and so I did. And though I had an uneasy feeling about it all the time it did come very much as if some one had dashed a basin of cold water into my face when I was reading the "Gospel Recorder" one Sunday morning and came across a piece that said the whole business had failed. I could hardly take it in at first, the words looked so cold and hard; it seemed as if they might have said how it came about, or been regretful or something.

Well, I set up a new stocking the next day, and I knit and knit and knit, and thought and thought and thought. And the more I knit and the more I thought the more I couldn't see how I was to be spared ending my days in the poorhouse. You see, I couldn't do anything but knit, and though an old woman don't need for much, I know I couldn't quite get along on nothing at all but vegetables all summer and potatoes all winter. I began counting up what I could do without, and at last I laid down my knitting and walked down to the store and bought half a pound of thirty-five-cent tea. I'd always been particular about my tea—never could abide cheap stuff, tasting of nothing but yarbs—but I knew I'd have to begin now. When I got back I began wondering if they had tea at all at the poorhouse, and I kept thinking and thinking again till I just gave up and burst out crying.

After a while I heard a knock, and before I had time to say "Come in," in came neighbor Duffey's wife. I was rather glad to see her, for she is a good-hearted soul, though she does like to speak her mind.

"Well," she said, softer'n I'd ever heard her speak before, "what's the matter now?"

I told her how I'd been feeling, and she said she'd felt just so herself, and all the neighbors were that worked up over Joshua John for risking my dependence they didn't know just how to express things.

I told her I didn't want anybody to feel hard, for it wasn't likely it was his fault at all. Then she straightened herself up in such a way that I knew she was getting at what was really on her mind.

"But I must say, neighbor, how I've been blessing my stars all day to think how I've never come out and joined the church, for all the minister's been a-laborin' with me for years to get me in. For—I don't mean no harm—but you can't help seein' what a kind of a poor business this thing of trusting in the Lord really is."

Then I straightened up, and says I, "Rebecca Jane Duffey, how you talk!"

"Talk!" says she; "well, haven't I heard you, time and again, talk about how the Lord was a-goin' to take care of you in your old age? And now here's all you've been a-workin' for and a-dependin' on swep' away at one cut."

I says, "But the Lord's going to take care of me yet."

And then she says, "Then what be you a-cryin' for, and a-feelin' like there was nothin' but want before you? And they're all the same, these Christians. When old Deacon Blount's son died, he says, 'The staff of my old age is gone!' when he's been nigh on to forty year a-callin' the Lord his staff." And when Mrs. Case's husband went to the bad and the mortgage on the farm was foreclosed, she said, 'There's nothin' left for me now.' Now, what I want to know is, do the Lord's promises to provide for his people mean anything, or do they not?"

I felt as if I was struck dumb; and before I could say a word off she went, leaving me ready to hide my face in shame and confusion. I saw it was just as she had said. Here was I, all my days been professing to trust in the Lord's care of me, feeling in a way and acting in a way to lead that poor soul to think there was nothing in a Christian profession—honestly obliged to class myself with them that bring reproach on religion.

I opened my Bible and read a bit at a time as I could see, between whiles taking a look towards the two little graves and the one large one over on the hillside in the sunshine.

It had never come before me so plain till neighbor Duffey put it to me. Did I believe the promises or did I not? And if I did, why was I so cast down about all this? And as I thought how little time I had to wait, and how short even the longest life is to wait when you come to put it beside the glory that is never to end, and how little matter 'tis if the place is not just what you'd like it to be where you're waiting to go to your Father's house, that wretched two thousand dollars seemed to grow smaller and smaller and poorer and poorer, and before the sunset had faded away from the little graveyard it seemed to have almost faded out of my mind; and the only burthen I had on it, as I lay down, was how I had, perhaps, laid a stumbling-block before that poor soul Rebecca Jane Duffey.

I was starting to go and see her in the morning, when who should come in but Joshua John. He looked down in the mouth enough, poor man, and I couldn't find it in my heart to feel a bit hard at him, as he seemed to be afraid I might. It's no use telling all he said, except one thing that quite upset me. He wanted I should go and stay with his folks for quite a while. He'd thought it all out how it was the only way he could help make up things to me. I was to let the little house and the acre of ground for one year. It took my breath away to think of it! But it was quite a ways to his house and wouldn't be worth while to be at the expense of going for less time. I looked out at the graveyard, but couldn't see even the white marble specks then for the dimness in my eyes. And it came over me that it didn't do them any good for me to stay to look out at them; but how could I leave them and the little house!

But then it came to me that this might be the very way the Lord was taking to help me, and how could I say No? I said Yes, and it went on so quick I hadn't time to think, which I was glad of. A tenant stood ready to take the little house, and all the neighbors came and helped, for Joshua John wanted I should go right home with him, and he couldn't wait long. So the next day the house that I'd never thought to leave till I was carried out and laid beside the others whisked out of my sight as Sam Duffey's spring waggon that was taking us to the station six miles off drove round the hill. Rebecca Jane was the last to speak to me, and I could hardly understand her for the catches in her throat.

"Don't you lay it up again' me one word I said, neighbor," says she. "I didn't mean a bit of it, 'cept to make you think of somethin' besides your losin' your money. I know the Lord's a-contrivin' for you and—I'm a-goin' to join the church myself next Sunday."

I was so astonished and so glad that I clear forgot to keep watch for a little chink between the hills where I might have got one more look at the little graveyard. P'r'aps 'twas natural enough that all the way I should have a kind of a bitter feeling that I was driven out of my own home in my old age. But when I got to Joshua John's I soon felt ashamed of such a thought, for they gave me such a welcome as did my old heart good. Harriet was afraid the children would disturb me, but they all took to me so I seemed to warm to them right at once. Their pretty faces and blue eyes and curling hair (they favored the Ryders mostly—the Ryders are all light complected) brought back long-gone days to me.

I had expected, you know, to feel strange and homesick and out of place, just longing to get back to the old place and the old ways, but somehow I wasn't. It seemed sociable like to take my knitting and sit where I could chat with Harriet as she stepped about her work. She's a great hand to get through work lively and be ready to sit down too. And soon the children got to calling out, "Where's gra-m'ther?" when they came in, for I'd told 'em to call me so. And when they'd wish me good night the touch of their soft little hands and lips would make me sometimes shut my eyes and try to forget all these thirty years.

So the year flew by very fast, and not a word had been said but I was to go back to the little house. Joshua John and Harriet talked as if, of course, I'd want to, and, of course, it wasn't for me to say I wanted to stay of my own invitation. But you'd be surprised to know how I dreaded going back, and how I remembered how lonesome the wind used to sigh about the chimney, and how forlorn it was to sit down to meals all by myself. And Sunday evening, when I was telling the children a story, my voice went down when I said,

"You must remember what I say when I'm gone."

And the youngest little fellow, he put his arms around my neck, and says he,

"I s'a'n't let oo do 'way nebber."

And they all began to cry till I just gave up. And Harriet, she put the children out of the room, and then she says, a-crying all the time,

"We haven't said anything about your staying on, me and Joshua John haven't, because we thought it would seem like we wanted you to stay because 't would be the easiest way for him to make things right with you. But—I don't know whatever we'll do without you."

I stood right up on my two feet, and says I,

"Harriet Ryder, I'm an old woman, and sha'n't trouble any one so very long; but the Lord's brought me to a good place, and, if I a'n't in your way, I don't want any other home but yours till I go to Isaac and the little ones."

The tenant of the little house was glad to get it for a term of years. I've made my will, leaving it to Joshua John's children.

If I hadn't lost my two thousand dollars I should never have had such a home among my own kindred in my old age.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

### A LEGENDARY MAID.

Cinderella really lived. Her real name was Rhodopo, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden, who lived six hundred and seventy years before the Christian era and during the reign of Psammeticus, one of the twelve kings of Egypt. One day Rhodopo ventured to go in bathing in a clear stream near her home, and meanwhile left her shoes, which must have been unusually small, lying on the bank. An eagle, passing above, chanced to catch sight of the little sandals, and mistaking them for a toothsome tid bit, pounced down and carried one off in his beak. The bird then unwittingly played the part of fairy godmother, for, flying directly over Memphis, where King Psammeticus was dispensing justice, it let the shoe fall right into the king's lap. Its size, beauty, and daintiness immediately attracted the royal eye, and the king, determined upon knowing the wearer of so cunning a shoe, sent throughout all his kingdom in search of the foot that would fit it. As in the story of Cinderella, the messengers finally discovered Rhodopo, fitted on the shoe, and carried her in triumph to Memphis, where she became the queen of King Psammeticus, and the foundation of a fairy tale that was to delight boys and girls two thousand, four hundred years later.

### SELF-GOVERNMENT.

Paradise is for them that check their wrath,
And pardon sins; so Allah doth with souls;
He loveth best him who himself controls.

—*Edwin Arnold.*

## PROFESSOR ASA GRAY.

The death of Professor Asa Gray, which took place at his home in Cambridge, on the 30th. of January last, says a writer in the Boston *Morning Journal*, removes from the scene of his studies the most eminent botanist of his time and one of the foremost scientists to whom America has given birth. No American was better known than he among scientific investigators in Europe as well as in this country, and no one was more highly respected or held in more cordial regard. He had the same indefatigable patience in research which distinguished that great student in another department of natural science, Agassiz, and in not a few noble qualities of mind and character there was a resemblance between the two great investigators. Both approached their studies in a spirit of reverence, and both were modest and unaffected in their bearing, and winning in their personal relations. Dr. Gray always maintained an active interest in what was in progress in the world of affairs, and was in full sympathy with every form of philanthropic and moral progress, although devotion to the studies which he had made the occupation of his life forbade his entrance upon other activities. His house in Cambridge, presided over by Mrs. Gray—a daughter of the late Hon. Charles G. Loring—will be long remembered by any one who was admitted to it on terms of friendship.

Dr. Gray was born in Paris, Oneida county, New York, Nov. 18, 1810. He graduated at the Fairfield Medical College in 1831, but his ardent love of botany, which had already developed, kept him from continuing the practice of the medical profession. In 1834 he was appointed botanist to a United States exploring expedition, but delay in the starting of the expedition caused him to resign his position. In 1838, when the University of Michigan was organized, he was the first Professor appointed, his chair being that of botany and zoology. Four years later he was made Fisher Professor of Natural History at Harvard, and had been for forty-five years connected with the University, continuing active teaching until 1873, since which date he had had charge of the herbarium, and had devoted himself entirely to scientific investigation, in which he had had the assistance of another distinguished botanist, Dr. Sereno Watson. Dr. Gray's work on the "Flora of North America" has been literally the task of a life-time, for the first part was published in 1838, in co-operation with Dr. Toury, and he was occupied up to the last days of his life in studies connected with it. He made frequent journeys to Europe for the purpose of studying herbaria in which American specimens were preserved, and had but recently returned from a journey made for this purpose.

Dr. Gray's "Memoirs of Botany of Japan" is a highly important work. His other contributions to the literature of his chosen science have been numerous and valuable.

The following incident illustrates the patience and accuracy of his methods of investigation:

"A good many years ago the doctor was studying in Paris, and in a herbarium there came across a small, broken and imperfect specimen marked simply 'From America,' which interested him much. From the fragments before him he reconstructed the whole plant. His work was approved by the botanists about him, and he named the little plant Shortia Galacifolia in honor of Dr. Chas. W. Short, the distinguished botanist. But no live specimen of the plant could be found. Years passed on and it had never been seen. At last a botanist at work in Japan found and named a plant which seemed to be of a genius closely allied to the Shortia. Dr. Gray corresponded with the botanist, and it was concluded that the doctor had been in error and had mistaken a specimen of the Japanese genus. So the Shortia was generally left out of lists of plants by systematic botanists.

But twenty years after this, as Dr. Goodale and Professor Watson were one day in the library of the University, they heard a shout of triumph from the herbarium and rushed in to find Dr. Gray waving a small plant about in the wildest enthusiasm. 'Look at it! What is it?' he cried. The two botanists examined it as directed and recognized the characteristics of the much-discussed plant. 'It is the Shortia,' they exclaimed. The specimen had been sent by a house in the South which made a business of putting up medicinal herbs. It had been brought in from some hitherto unexplored nook in the mountains by one of their collectors and sent to the Professor for identification. It proved indeed to be the Shortia, which was therefore once more reinstated in the floral family, greatly to Dr. Gray's delight."

Dr. Gray afterward visited the locality in which the plant was found, and procured a living specimen for the Botanical Garden.

His style, in this and other works, was clear, simple and engaging, and never appeared to better advantage, as regards these qualities, than in his Botany for Young People, How Plants Grow and How Plants Behave—books which were written for the purpose of interesting children in the subject.

Dr. Gray was for many years associate editor of the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, to which he contributed many important papers, a considerable number of which, we believe, were never collected or reprinted. He was the author of a host of papers in the *American Academy of Arts and Sciences*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *North American Review*, *Transactions of the American Pomological Society*, numerous journals of agriculture and horticulture, and a great number of the Government and State reports. In 1863 Dr. Gray was elected President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and held that position for ten years, resigning in 1873. In 1872 he was President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He was a member of most of the scientific societies of the United States, and also a corresponding and honorary member of many abroad; among them the Botanical Society of Ratisbon or Regensburg; the Academia Naturæ Curiosum, Breslau; the Linnean Society, London; Royal Society, London; royal academies of sciences in Berlin, Stockholm, Upsala and Munich; Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg.

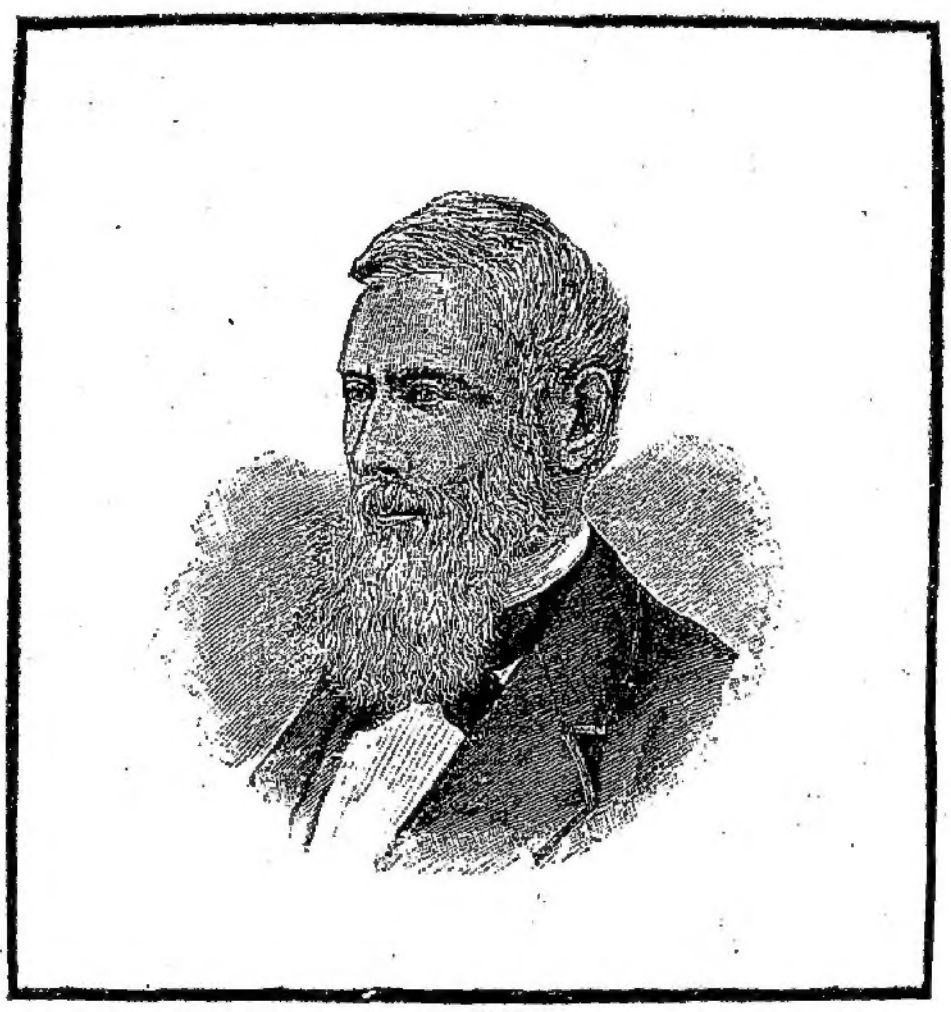
On the occasion of Dr. Gray's seventy-fifth birthday some of his friends, most of them amateur or professional botanists, devised a memorial of their affection for the master of that science, in the form of an exquisite silver vase, skilfully designed and decorated with flowers in embossed or repousse work, comprising those which had been named by Dr. Gray or for him, or those in which he was especially interested. One of the amateur botanists who co-operated in this pleasant tribute, which was deeply appreciated by the recipient, wrote a sketch of the beloved Professor at the time, from which we take these passages, illustrative of some traits of his character:

"Beyond his great services to science the most charming thing about Dr. Gray, and that which endears him to the hearts of his hosts of friends, is his fine personality, which pervades and unites his many good qualities into a whole which cannot be described in a biographical sketch, and is difficult of characterization. Everybody must realize with a moment's thought that patience, enthusiasm, zeal, open-minded fairness, and a host of other amiable things must go toward the making of a successful scientist. To these Dr. Gray adds extreme modesty and a quaint, quiet humor. Many instances of the latter trait will arise in the minds of those who have been in any way associated with him.

The trait which will be the longest remembered is his kindly helpfulness. Whenever amateur botanists have found themselves in any difficulty Dr. Gray has always been the last resort and the final authority to be consulted. His correspondence of this sort has always been simply enormous, yet every request has invariably had a kindly and patient response, be the difficulty never so trifling to his roster mind and knowledge. The writer has a lively and grateful recollection of the prompt response to a question concerning the identification of a plant which proved troublesome. The opening sentence, 'I think I can help you,' had such a tone of kindly sympathy in the difficulty and the explanations were so full and so satisfactory that that autograph letter was at once put away as a treasure to be cherished."

The feeling entertained toward Dr. Gray among men of science and men of letters abroad was finely expressed by Dr. Sandys on the 27th of last July, when, in conferring upon him in behalf of Cambridge University the degree of Doctor of Laws, he said of him in exquisite Latin, of which the following is a translation:

"And now we are glad to come to the Harvard professor of Natural History, *facile princeps* of transatlantic botanists. Within the period of fifty years how many books has he written about his fairest science, how rich in learning, how admirable in style! How many times has he crossed the ocean that he might more carefully study European herbaria, and better know the leading men in his own department! In examining, reviewing, and sometimes gracefully correcting the labors of others, what a shrewd, honest and urbane critic has he proved himself to be! How cheerfully, many years ago, among his own Western countrymen was he the first of all to greet the rising sun of our own Darwin, believing his theory of the origin of various forms of life demanded some First Cause, and was in harmony with a faith in a Deity who has created and governs all things! God grant that it may be allowed to such a man at length to carry to a happy completion that great work, which he long ago began, of more accurately describing the flora of North America! Meanwhile, this man who has so long adorned his fair science by his labors and his life, even unto a hoary age, 'bearing,' as our poet says, 'the white flower of a blameless life,' him, I say, we gladly crown, at least with these flowerets of praise, with this corolla of honor [*hic saltem laudis flosculis, hac saltem honoris corolla, libenter coronamus.*] For many, many years may Asa Gray, the venerable priest of flora, render more illustrious this academic crown!"



ASA GRAY.

## REV. LI YU MI.

Our readers will know at once that that is not the name of any American nor of any Englishman. They will understand from the Rev. that it is the name of a minister, and most of them will know that the three short names of one syllable and only two letters apiece are Chinese. In the Chinese language they would be written with a very different sort of letters: only one, I suppose, to each syllable, and these in a column right up and down, one below another.

The story of this Chinese preacher, Rev. Li Yu Mi, is given in the *Bible Society Record*, as he told it himself. He was born in 1836 and died in 1886. How old was he when he died? Not a very old man, you see. This is the way he told his story:

My father and mother died early. Having no money nor home, and also being without relatives or friends on whom I could rely, I was poor and wretched. Therefore I could not study books, and did not even know one letter. When I was little I was very vicious, and would rail at people. Being born in the country, I was like one who looks at the sky from the inside of a well. How could I know that heaven and earth are so large, and that there are so many things in the world? I saw nothing beyond the hills and the flowers and the wild grass. I heard only the sounds of birds and fishes and insects. I was acquainted only with the toilers in the fields and the gatherers of fuel. My objects of faith were only hill-sprites and hobgoblins. Moreover, I did not know how to seek precious things, and had no hope of fame; but my only thought was to follow my father's hand, and earn a mouthful to eat until death. How could I know that the just heart of the heavenly Father would not be offended at a lonely man?

I was twenty years old when I first heard Mr. Mackay preach the gospel. This was my first sight of a foreigner, with strange countenance and clothing, and I did not know whether he was a man or not. But I saw that his language and conduct were very polite, and at once perceived that he was truly a man and a good man. At that time he gave me a book. The arguments I heard him use were reasonable. We three brothers, because of this, believed the Saviour, kept the Sabbath and began to pray; but when we thus first believed we did not thoroughly know our own sins. We had scarcely got further than to think that it was good to do right.

Afterwards the Kwi-hung church members on the Sabbath day taught me a portion of Matthew. From this my heart could not leave that book. When I had leisure time I would at once go to reading it, and in a short time I had read it through. I also read the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer, and thus came to know that all men are sinners and must obtain the Saviour's great grace in order to be saved.

When I was twenty-one Teacher Mackay baptized me and received me into the church. When from twenty to twenty-three, for a period of four years, my eyes did not leave the Holy Bible, and my mouth did not leave the Saviour. As soon as I saw a man I began talking doctrine to him—not stopping to think that it might injure my trade as a blacksmith, but only longing that the Saviour's doctrine might get the victory. Teacher Young Mi, seeing how it was with me, said, "Leave the blacksmith's trade and become a preacher."

So he found that the entrance of God's word brought light, and when he was ordained elder he had studied in the classical language the entire Old and New Testaments, besides other religious books.

## HOW TOMMY WENT BACK TO SCHOOL.

BY MRS HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

"Humph! I ain't a-goin' to study much if school does begin Monday," said Tommy Jenkins at the end of his long vacation; "I'm goin' to have peanuts all shelled, and eat' em when teacher isn't lookin'," and I'm goin' to do lots o' things to make the other boys laugh, and I'm goin' to act so teacher 'll have to send me home, then I won't have to go to school any more; cheehee, won't that be fun!" and a pair of boyish heels went up into the air as Tommy threw himself back on the sofa and chuckled at what he thought a very smart speech.

Susie, who was eight years old, two years younger than Tommy, looked a little shocked at first, but when Tommy laughed so gaily she laughed, too, then she said:

"Yes, but what will mamma say to such things, and papa? Oh, papa 'll be dreadful sober and say, 'My little son!' in that way that always makes me cry right out when he says 'My little daughter!'"

"Oh, mamma will be kinder sorry at first," said Tommy blandly, "but she will get over it pretty soon, and as to papa, oh, I'd make it all right with papa, when I told him how a fellow hates to study;" and Tommy thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his blouse and tried to whistle.

Fortunately, mamma was in the hall, and just about to enter the room when Tommy began his smart remarks, and so heard every word the children said. She went quickly back upstairs, and neither Tommy nor Susie suspected she had heard a word.

But just as their mother expected would be the case, when bedtime was approaching that night Tommy began asking for a story, and Susie put down her dolly to help Tommy tease for what they both liked so much, one of their mamma's nice stories. Papa was over by the table reading, but his face was behind the paper, and the children knew the sound of mamma's voice would not disturb him at all.

So after Tommy had seated himself on an ottoman with his hands in his mamma's lap, and Susie was nestled close beside her, mamma began:

"Once upon a time there was a fine-looking young man who was very unfortunate, and very much to be pitied. He had good manners, and also had the appearance of having been well brought up, but the trouble was, he was not faithful in anything. When he first went into a town and tried to find work, he would generally succeed in getting something to do in a store perhaps, and for a little while he would seem to do very well, but it was never long before those who had employed him would find that he was not to be trusted, so he would be obliged to leave and try to find some other place or employment.

"The time would come when every one in the town would know all about him, and he would have to go somewhere else and begin all over again to try finding work by which to feed himself. This was not at all a happy life to lead, for of course he had no settled home, no friends in particular, and but very little money, sometimes not enough to buy things he really needed.

"Besides all this there was no kind of business he could engage in except the very simplest, because he had never learned how to do the things which bring in money to any amount, and are what we call profitable. Don't you think he must have felt very badly when he thought of his boyhood and his comfortable home and kind parents?"

"Did he ever have a nice home and good parents?" asked Tommy.

"Certainly, just as nice a home as you have, and just as kind parents."

"Then why didn't they teach him things, and send him to school?" asked Tommy, his great blue eyes wide open.

"Oh, they did," said mamma. "He was always carefully dressed in the neatest clothes, provided with the best of food, and watched over as tenderly as you are through his boyish years, and every day he was sent with his little sister to one of the finest schools."

"Then why didn't he learn and grow up to be a faithful young man, and have a home and some money, and lots of friends?" asked interested Tommy.

"Well, that is a very sad thing to tell about," answered mamma, speaking very slowly. "But the trouble is, when a child first begins to do what is wrong, especially when he means and plans to do it, it is almost next to impossible to get back into the right path again. And the truth is, that young man when a little boy, all at once made up his mind after having had a long, happy vacation, that he wouldn't study any more nor behave well in school. So he would start out in the morning nicely dressed, well fed, and with his mother's fond kiss on his cheek, then he would enter the school room and eat peanuts he had all ready shelled, and when the teacher wasn't looking he would do a great many things to make the other children laugh, and finally he acted so badly that the teacher had to send him home—"

"Why, Tommy Jenkins!" cried Susie, interrupting her mamma at these familiar words, "those are the very things you said you meant to do when you went back to school!" Susie's amazement at the outcome of the little story got the better of her usual habit of shielding Tommy's faults.

Poor Tommy! His face had been growing very red, his chest was swelling and his breath coming very quickly at the last part of the story, but when his papa slowly lowered his paper from his face, and said in a surprised, grieved tone, "Why, my little son!" it was altogether too much. Down went Tommy's fair little head into his mamma's lap, and for a few minutes the sound of his crying was all that was heard in the room.

Susie was all pity and repentance, and tried her best to tell how sorry she was that she had "told on him." But after a time Tommy's sobs ceased and he became very quiet. Papa and mamma began talking about some other little matters, then mamma said it was bed-time. At this, Tommy raised his head and said in a low, resolute voice:

"I'm just a-goin' back to school Monday morning to be the best boy there is! I ain't goin' to grow up not to have any home and no friends, or not to know how to do things real proper. I really did mean to be a bad boy for a little while, but if it's so hard to get good again, I just ain't goin' to make my papa and mamma 'shamed and spoil myself, all for bein' bad!"

And Tommy went back to school with such good resolutions that one day when the teacher met his mamma he said Tommy was one of his best scholars, and if he went on as he had begun he would soon be at the head of his division.

And papa, who was reading his paper when mamma told of it that evening, looked and said in a way which made Tommy's eyes shine with pleasure, "That's my own little man!"—*Christian at Work.*

ROBIN AND HIS MOTHER.

## THE WOUNDED LIP.

"I do not see what I have to do with missions at all!" cried Robin, in answer to his sister Annie's gentle request that he would put just one penny into her missionary box. "I can see the good of building our church here—I gave my new sixpence for that; or feeding hungry little children—we gave up buying sweetmeats last Christmas that they might have soup. But what do I care for work at the other end of the world, amongst black children whom I never shall see in my life?"

Poor Annie left the room with a sigh. Mrs. Mason had heard the conversation between her children, and she asked,

"Do you know, my son, that all God's people form one body, though some are in India, some in China, some further off still? No part of the Lord's Church can say to another, 'I have nothing to do with thee; I care not what happens to thee.'"

"I don't understand," said the child.

Not many minutes afterwards, Robin came back to his mother, a handkerchief pressed to his bleeding lip, and tears in his eyes.

"Mamma, my foot slipped—I fell on the gravel—I have hurt my lip!" he exclaimed.

Mrs. Mason examined the hurt and was glad to find that it was not severe; but there was gravel on the wounded lip. "I must wash and bind it," she said. "Run to the kitchen, my darling; ask for a little basin of warm water, bring it to me, and we will, I hope, soon put matters to rights."

Robin soon came back, carefully carrying the basin, which was full and rather heavy. Carefully and tenderly the mother bathed her boy's lip.

"Now," said she, lifting him upon her lap, and preparing to bind up the lip, "does not my Robin see how various parts of his body united in helping the one part that needed help?"

"I don't just see," said the child.

"The feet never thought, how far we are from the lip, almost as far as can possibly be! Right foot and left, off they trotted to get the warm water. The ears had heard what I wished you to do, and quick as lightning had given their message to the brain. The tongue, like a kind near neighbor, did its part. The eyes——"

"Oh, the eyes did nothing at all!" cried Robin, laughing at his mother's amusing simile; he had quite forgotten his pain.

"What! Did they not guide you to and from the kitchen? If they had ill-naturedly kept shut, you might have had a worse fall than that on the gravel. The fingers—yes, even the little ones—helped to carry the basin of water."

"It is a good-natured body," said Robin; "every part so ready to help the poor lip."

"Now, my boy, do you see my meaning?" said the mother, with a smile. "The missionaries, who speak to the heathen, are like the lip in the body, and are sometimes in great trouble, and need our help and our prayers. The ears are those who listen to the story of the wants of the heathen; and great Societies are like the brain, to arrange how to send to them the Bible, and men and women to explain it. We who try to give and to collect may be compared to parts of the feet and the hands.

"I must tell you something more about the body," said Mrs. Mason, "to show you how like it is to the Church. There is always a life-giving stream of blood flowing through it from the heart to the head, from the head to the feet, as if it were joining the most distant parts together."

"I feel it beating in my wrist," said Robin. "What is like the life-giving blood? Is it not love to the Saviour?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Mason; "and where that holy love joins the members of the church together, how is it possible for a Christian to say, 'I have nothing to do with missions'?"

Robin's lip was soon bound up, and joyfully he thanked his mother for her lesson. —*A. L. O. E., in The Juvenile Instructor.*

## THE AGE OF ANIMALS.

We often hear persons ask how old certain animals become before dying of age. We have somewhere found the following statement which will prove to be of interest to those who desire information on this point, as it gives the number of years the various animals named are said to live.

| | |
|---|---|
| Whale | 1000 |
| Elephant | 400 |
| Swan | 300 |
| Tortoise | 100 |
| Eagle | 100 |
| Raven | 100 |
| Camel | 100 |
| Lion | 70 |
| Porpoise | 30 |
| Horse | 25 to 30 |
| Bear | 20 |
| Cow | 20 |
| Deer | 20 |
| Pigs | 20 |
| Dog | 20 |
| Cat | 15 |
| Fox | 15 |
| Sheep | 10 |
| Squirrel | 8 |
| Rabbit | 7 |

—*S. S. Messenger.*

FAMILIARITY with beautiful things, we are often told and truly, breeds contempt. On the other hand, familiarity with that which is odious produces a no less lamentable indifference, tending gradually toward an easy indulgence. Let us imagine what would be our thoughts on first beholding a licensed shop for the vending of alcoholic drinks. Some of us can recall our first horrified vision of a drunken man. Remarking once that a generation of young people had grown up in the state of Maine who had never seen a saloon, a young man leaped to his feet to say, "And here is one of them!" He then went on to describe the shuddering feeling with which on coming to the West his eyes first rested upon a scene of debauchery. God forbid that any of us should become so used to this interloping institution of the evil one that we should at last yield to it a permanent place in our Christian civilization.—*Standard.*

## FLOATING DOWN THE GANGES.

One day,—it was a great festival,—we went at sunrise to the Ganges to see the pilgrims bathe in its holy waters. This surely is one of the most startling and wondrous sights in the world! The city as we entered was illumined with a soft, rosy light, the streets were thronged with natives streaming down to the river in thousands through the dusty streets and under dust-laden trees. The dress of the pilgrims consisted of the lightest drapery, of most beautiful colors, loosely worn.

How wildly their hearts were throbbing! for they have been waiting and longing for this day for a long time, perhaps for all their lives.

Every day came the pilgrims in crowds to this sacred city, to become purified by bathing in the sacred waters of the Ganges. Out of a population of three hundred thousand, half of them are pilgrims, ever shifting.

We leave our carriage as we near the river, and make our way through the dense crowds of pilgrims, not one of whom evinces the slightest interest in our presence.

Reaching the river, we take a boat and are rowed up the stream. We see the city stretching along its banks for miles. Flights of high steps line the river, and at their top rise temples, palaces and towers, and in the midst of them the superb mosque, with its two towering minarets, erected by the Emperor Aurungzebe in the seventeenth century.

The steps are like a grand stand on a race-course, thronged with natives of all ages, down to even little children, pressing into the waters as far as they can get. Rich and poor, well, ill, and dying, are either in the water or waiting their turn to enter it, to wash away their sins, to pray, and to throw into it innumerable garlands of little yellow flowers. Every conceivable kind of colored drapery is here, and in folds as beautiful as if nature had arranged it.

Some remain in the water for hours together, wrapped in the deepest thought and religious contemplation, all seeming most earnest in their devotions. Even the sparkling-eyed little children, like black cupids, wade into the water and mutter their little prayers with all the solemnity of their elders.

We float down almost amongst them. We might as well be invisible, for we attract no notice. Here and there, dotted about amongst the crowd on the steps, are immense umbrellas, made of matting and nearly flat; under these are the priests. When the bathers have finished their devotions in the river, they go to these priests, to have painted on their foreheads a small spot of a sticky looking substance, for which the priests exact a high price.

We now pass close to a burning ghaut, or the place for burning the dead, where the fire, having done its work, still lies smouldering.

In this country cremation exists in its most barbarous form, revolting not only to the finer sensibilities, but to the most ordinary decencies of life. The pyre is built of logs about five feet long with shorter logs laid across. When it has thus reached a height of about three feet, the naked body, so recently dead that it is still limp and warm, is placed upon it, the legs bent at the knees, and packed with the feet against the thighs, as only a Hindoo's legs can be bent.

More logs are then placed over the body, and with much ceremony the whole is set alight. When the body is burnt, its ashes are thrown into the holy river, which is here a turbid flood, polluted with the filth of millions, and with the bodies of dead men, which are continually passing down.

Fancy bathing in such water! and further, fancy the possibility of drinking it, as do these poor Hindoos! Some of the sights to be seen on this river are too revolting for description.

The British Government has put a stop to practices which used formerly to be common here, practices which were not discouraged by the priests, and which were done in the name of religion. From all parts of India pilgrims would come here to drown themselves in the river. They would be tied between two large earthenware pots, and would then wade out into deep water, being kept afloat by the empty jars. These they gradually filled with water, till they sank with them from the gaze of the approving multitude on the banks.

Other practices, which have been also stopped, were the burying alive of lepers, and the burning of widows with their dead husbands, unless they preferred to be buried alive!

Cases occasionally occur even now of fanatics burying themselves alive.

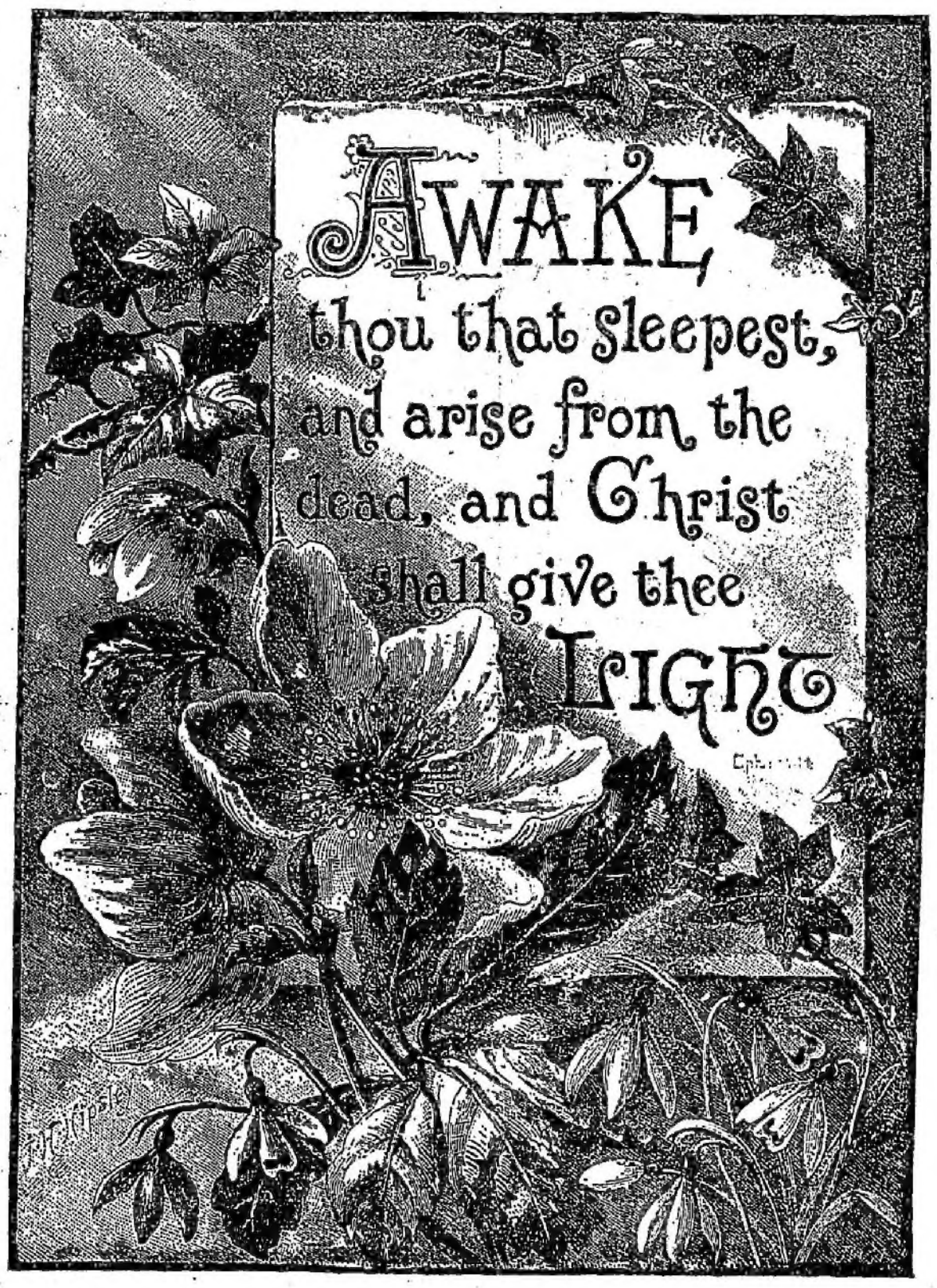
In Benares there are said to be five thousand temples, and in all of them are repulsive-looking idols covered with rice and flowers, and dripping with the sacred water thrown upon them by persons coming from the river.

The temples are crowded with worshippers, and the floors are flooded, considerably over the soles of one's boots, with slush of water, rice, and trampled flowers, and the heat and smell are nearly overpowering. Little niches in the walls of the streets have each their hideous idols, and they too are deluged with water, rice, and flowers.

Everything in Benares is worshipped, even pebbles from the river and dust from the streets. One temple we visited is sacred to the Brahmin bulls. There were many bulls there of huge size, fat, content, and garlanded with flowers.

There are also many wells, all most sacred. One to which we went, the well of knowledge, the water of which the pilgrims drink, is nearly filled up with the flowers which the worshippers have thrown in as offerings. The smell from these wells is absolutely choking in its offensiveness, and the slush about them nearly ankle-deep.

All we saw, excepting from a picturesque point of view, was painful in the extreme. It must be almost impossible to eradicate superstitions so inrooted as those of the Brahmins. True religion, science, and education alone can reach and cleanse these morally pestilent spots.—*Hugh Wilkinson in Youth's Companion.*




## MRS. LIVINGSTONE'S GRAVE.

Prof. Drummond, at Chautauqua, told of his visit, in the heart of Africa, to the grave of David Livingstone's wife, Dr. Moffatt's daughter:

"We were to spend the night within a few yards of the place where Mrs. Livingstone died. Late in the afternoon we reached the spot—a low ruined hut a hundred yards from the river's bank, with a broad verandah shading its crumbling walls. A grass-grown path straggled to the doorway, and the fresh print of a hippopotamus told how neglected the spot is now. Pushing the door open, we found ourselves in a long dark room, its mud floor broken into fragments, and remains of native fires betraying its late occupants. Turning to the right we entered a smaller chamber, the walls bare and stained, with two glassless windows facing the river. The evening sun, setting over the far-off Morumballa mountains, filled the room with its soft glow and took our thoughts back to that Sunday evening, twenty years ago, when in this same bed-room, at this same time, Livingstone knelt over his dying wife and witnessed the great sunset of his life.

"Under a huge baobab tree—a miracle of vegetable vitality and luxuriance—stands Mrs. Livingstone's grave. The picture in Livingstone's book represents the place as well kept and surrounded with neatly planted trees. But now it is an utter wilderness, matted with jungle grass and trodden by the beasts of the forest; and as I looked at the forsaken mound and contrasted it with her husband's marble tomb in Westminster Abbey, I thought perhaps the woman's love which brought her to a spot like this might not be less worthy of immortality."

## HOW NEAL DOW BEGAN.

If (writes a correspondent of the *Boston Herald*) a man wishes to engage in a business that ensures long life, let him become a mild-mannered apostle of prohibition. Here is General Neal Dow, now nearly eighty-four, as youthful and as fresh as at forty. Sitting in his study in his house at Portland the other night he told me how it happened that he first undertook the big task of abolishing the liquor traffic. "It was," he said, "a good many years ago. I was sitting in this same house one evening quite late. In answering a knock at the door I found a lady whom I knew very well as the wife of a Government official in this city. He was a periodical drunkard, and on this very night was down town on a spree. His wife wished me to get him home quietly, because if he were drunk the next day he might lose his position. I started out, and found him in the back room of one of the down-town saloons. That was in the days of license in Maine. I said to the keeper in a quiet way: 'I wish you would sell no more liquor to Mr. Blank.' 'Why, Mr. Dow,' he said, 'this is my business; I must supply my customers.' 'That all may be,' I replied, 'but there is this gentleman with a large family depending on him for support. If he goes to his office to-morrow drunk he will lose his place. I wish you would sell him no more.' He became somewhat angry, and told me that he, too, had a family to support; that he had a license to sell liquor to whoever he pleased, and that he didn't care to have me meddling in his business. 'So you have a license, have you?' said I, 'and you support your family by destroying that man's? We'll see about this.' I went home thoroughly determined to devote my life to suppressing the liquor traffic in the best way possible. The Maine law originated in that rum shop."

## GUN ACCIDENTS.

The number of gun accidents this year has been unusually large, and the carelessness which caused some of them unusually great. One young man at Lake Placid was actually driving over rough roads in a buckboard with the muzzle of a loaded gun laid against his body and the stock between his feet, and in lighting a cigarette he gave the trigger the needed twitch with his foot, and blew his elbow off. Another young man in Pennsylvania met with a more extraordinary accident still. He had loaded his gun, and inserted the top of a lucifer match in the hammer, to make sure of a discharge, and, thus prepared, leaned on it with the muzzle close to his face. The stock slipped, the trigger caught in a plank, and the charge tore the side of his head off. The accidents do not diminish in number, because a fresh crop of youths take to gunning every summer, and because they never seem to learn anything more about a gun than how to load and fire it. The fact is that the carrying of a sporting gun is fully as important a part of sporting drill, if we may call it so, as the shooting. A man beginning to shoot should at once acquire habits of carrying which will stick to him, without his taking thought, so that he will instinctively keep the muzzle away from him. It ought to be disgraceful and ridiculous for a sportsman to be seen with the barrel of his gun pointing into his body, or using it as a staff to lean on, or as a walking-stick to hit things with.—*Watchman.*

Clutch thy difficulties fast,
With a determined hand,
Until in thy victorious grasp
They crumble into sand;
He who overcomes at last
Will not moan about the past.
—"*The Dove on the Cross.*"

## COMFORTED.

Oh, how my head ached, and how dark the world looked to me that Tuesday morning! My servant girl had left, and my husband had gone in search of a competent woman to do the washing. He returned very soon, highly elated.

"I've found such a nice old colored auntie! I'm sure she'll cheer you up, Mary, whether she wishes well or not."

"But the washing is the main thing, Harry, and how I do dread a strange woman coming in!" I complained. "She'll want so much waiting on, and stop my tidy kitchen all over."

"Oh, I guess not, dear! Her room looked very neat, so far as I could see from the open door."

I dropped the subject, for there is no use in trying to make a man understand a house-keeper's feelings about such things. I was not usually so despondent, but we were strangers in a strange land. I missed the dear familiar faces and voices of my Eastern home. I was home-sick, and I had the malaria. I was growing fretful, too—I, who had been noted for my sunny temper. No wonder that my husband looked at me in grieved astonishment, and little Carl patted my face in pitying wonder, saying, "Poor mamma, her feel dreffful bad!"

And so things in general were looking very gloomy to me that wash-day morning. Breakfast was over, and Harry was just going out of the door as the washer-woman came. I heard him speak to her, and her cheery reply, "Ho, ho, yes, I it's a blessed fine mornin', 'deed 'tis, cherks a body right up."

I had looked out just once to see if it were a good day for drying clothes, but had no thought of blessedness or of being "cherked up" thereby. She came in, a little lame black woman, with bright eyes and wrinkled face. I could not help greeting her with an answering smile, in spite of the reflection, "How can she do a heavy washing?"

Carl watched her in wide-eyed wonder, as she took off her hood and shawl, and hung them in the entry on a nail that she spied herself. Then she spoke to him:

"An' how do yer do, little sonny? Ain't a feared ob a colored auntie, I hopes, ho, ho, ho!"

He echoed her laugh slightly, and then I knew they were to be friends.

"Now, honey," she said to me, "I kin see yer ain't feelin' right smart, an' if yo'll jes' gib me a minnit to get de bearin' ob t'ings, I won't make yer no trouble; kase I can't a-bear ter be waited on. I spects de tubs an' t'ings is in de suller?"

"Yes, Mrs. Green"—

"Law, mis', won't yer jes' call me Aunt Ruby, like oddor folks do? 'Pears like I feel more to hum."

"Certainly, if you like," I answered.

While I was washing the dishes, she sorted the clothes, occasionally exclaiming over a bit of embroidery or lace, "Now I sus' be mighty keerful of dat an'" until I was tempted to bring forward some articles which I had kept back, fearing to trust them in untried hands.

"Now, deary, I don't mean no disrespect, on'y I jes' has dat ar way ob talkin', yo know"—

"Oh, I don't mind it, Aunt Ruby; go on."

"Well, es I was gwine ter say, yer kindy strangers in dese hyar parts, I reckon."

"Yes, we've only lived here a few months, and oh, Aunt Ruby, I'm so home-sick!"

"Pore chile! I knows jes' how dat ar feels, kase I come hyar from ole Kaintuck, an' I t'ought how I should die, shore 'nuff; but, law I goten ober it arter a wh'le! I jes' settled down an' sung it out."

"Sung it out? That's a novel way."

"Yes: ho, ho, ho! I'se a dreffful singer, an' was gwine ter speak ter yo 'bout dat; ye see it helps me 'long wid' my washin's wonderful, an' I was gwine ter inquire of it would 'sturb ye."

"If singing or anything else can make washing easy, I don't blame you for doing it, Aunt Ruby. I don't see how you wash at all, lame as you are."

"Laws, chile, I'se use to dat! I'se been lame more'n ten year. I shouldn't know how ter walk straight now of I could, ho, ho, ho!"

I had finished the dishes, and said wearily, "I must go and lie on the lounge a little while, Aunt Ruby; my head aches so badly. Carl, will you come?"

"Oh, he ain't in my way a speck—de bressed lam'!" said Aunt Ruby.

Seeing that both were satisfied, I left them, leaving the door ajar so I could hear her cheery voice. After a few affectionate words to the baby, the rubbing and singing commenced.

Dere's a lan' dat ar' fairer dan day,
An' a by faith I kin see it afar;
An' a de Saviour waits ober de way
Ter prepare us a dwellin' place dar.

"Yer don't t'ink no great ob ole auntie's singin', does yer, lam'? ho, ho, ho!"

"Sin' some more adain!" answered Carl.

We shall sing on dat beauterful shoah,
Do melodorous songs ob the blest:
An' our spirits shall sorrer no moah,
Nor a sigh for de blessin' ob rest.
In de sweet, by an' by, a-by an' by,
We shall sing on dat beauterful shoah.

I heard a knock as the chorus was completed, but Aunt Ruby hastened to open the door. She received the things from the grocer's boy, and then the rubbing and singing went on:—

When I kin read my title cl'ar
To mansions in-a de skies,
I'll bid farewell to ebery fear,
An-a wipe my weepin' eyes.
Oh, glo-a-ry, glo-a-ry in-a my soul!

"I jes' better stop, lam', kase mebbe yer ma'll want ter go ter sleep, an' suz-a-me! dar's dat door open a leetle crack too; dat ar's too bad!"

She came softly to shut it, but I objected.

"Don't, Aunt Ruby. I don't want to sleep, and I do want to hear you sing. It does me good."

"Ho, ho, ho, honey! I ain't no fine singer, I knows dat; but it's a sight o' comfort to be a-hummin' es I works; but I didn't want ter 'sturb yo a mite."

"You don't. Can you sing 'Steal Away to Jesus'?"

"Don' 'spect I kin. Most I knows is de good-enough ole hymns I was brung up on."

"Well, go on and sing them. I was brought up on them, too; they seem like the dear old home."

Let-a cares like a wild deluge come,
Let-a storms oh surror fall.
So I but safely reach-a my hum,
Oh, God, my heabon, my all!

Carl came softly in, and laid his head down on my pillow, whispering, "Don' she sin' lubly, mamma?"

I drew him to me, saying, "Yes, darling. Listen!"

All hail de powah ob Jesus' name
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring-a forth de royal diedem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Silence, and the closing of the door, announced that the singer had gone to hang out some clothes. I rose, finding my head much better, and little Carl was fast asleep. I began preparations for dinner, and half unconsciously took up the last verse of the hymn:—

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

My eyes filled with happy tears as faith asserted itself. Although dear ones walk far apart in this world, it will be all right if from East and West we find the way to the eternal home.

"Aunt Ruby, are you always happy?" I asked a little later.

"Well, mos'ly, honey! I has turrible aches in my lamoness when de weddor's damp, an' den it's kindy hard pullin'; but, law, I take holt an' sing it out. Dat's my med'cine, an' it's a mighty good one, ho, ho, ho! Did you ober try it, child?"

"I used to carol a little around the house when I felt happy, but lately I've been too heavy-hearted and weary to sing or enjoy anything."

"Laws, deary! dem's jes' de times yer needs it; w'en a body has trubble, it lifts 'em right up. I knows, kase I'se tried it. I'se had a lot ob 'flictions, an' de wust ob all was w'en my ole man Dan'l died. He wus a good man, dat he wus, honey! on ef I couldn't sing 'bout de place where he's gone to, I dunno what I'd do. It makes it all seem real like, an' os of he's jes' awaitin' for me ter come; does so!"

I went into the pantry to mix some biscuits, wondering what dear old hymn would be her next selection. I might have known, for her loving thoughts were with "Dan'l."

Dere is a lan' ob pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
In-fin'te day excloods de night,
An' pleasures banish pain.
Dear cherlustin' springs abides,
An' nuber witherin' flowers;
Death like a narrer sea divides
Dat-a heabenly lan' from ours.

"Ye see, honey, dat's a sight ob comfort me, dat ar hymn, kase Dan'l wus a powahful han' ter lub flowers, an' jes' ter t'ink dat he has 'em all de year 'roun', an' here dey's so fleetin'! Ye see, chile, it's a sight o' comfort ter know jus' how t'ings is wid 'em w'en dey's clean gone from hyar; an' if it wusn't for de verses an' de two las' chapters in de Bible dat tells all 'bout it, I dunno what I should do. I 'spects I'd be a pore mis'sable creetur."

"It must be dreary living alone, Aunt Ruby?"

"Yessum; but I has a sight o' comforts, an' I kin read a little in Dan'l's ole Bible, and dat's seeh company! He was a grat' reader, an' I use ter lis'en, till I kindy knows how de verses goes 'fore I see 'em. An' den I'se got lots o' friends, an' I'se able ter do, an' help my own self, an' I'se got a mossel o' savings put by, an' so eberyt'ing works togedder for good. Now, 'bout dese yere flannels; I'se berry keerful ob dem, an' hes a certain way ter wash 'em, myse'f"—

"Do just as you think fit, auntie! You know more about them than I do, and everything else worth knowing, I fancy."

"Laws-a-massy! Hear dat now; ho, ho, ho! Why, I'se a poor ignorant woman: allers had to work, an 'scase any larnin'."

"Well, you know how to make the best of this world, and make sure of the next, and that is the wisest kind of knowledge, after all."

Carl woke up and asked, "Is'e nice brack lady done 'way?"

Harry came in, rejoiced to see his wife with the wrinkles gone from her brow, and a smile on her lips.

"Why, has the headache all gone, dear?"

"Yes, Harry, and a great deal of the wretched heartache with it. Our new washerwoman is a blessed comforter!"—*Congregationalist.*

## TEMPERANCE ARITHMETIC.

Please work out this problem and think it over:—

Tom smokes 3 cigars and his father smokes 5 each day, for which they pay 60 cents a dozen. His father drinks 3 glasses of beer a day at 5 cents a glass. Tom's mother buys three loaves of bread a day at 5 cents a loaf and two rolls of butter a week at 50 cents a roll; at the end of the year how much more do the cigars and beer cost than the bread and butter?

## Question Corner.—No. 8.

### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

27. What kings of Israel were contemporary with Asa king of Judah?

28. (a) What curse was pronounced upon the man who should rebuild Jericho. (b) and when and upon whom was that curse fulfilled?

29. How many times did Christ speak while on the cross, and what were his words each time?

30. In what book of the Bible is the word "God" not found?

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the international Post Office orders at their post-office can get, instead, a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N. Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and to subscribers.

## NEW CLUB RATES.

The following are the NEW CLUB RATES for the MESSENGER, which are considerably reduced:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 copy | | | | $ 0 30 |
| 10 copies to one address | | | | 2 25 |
| 20 | " | " | " | 4 40 |
| 50 | " | " | " | 10 50 |
| 100 | " | " | " | 20 00 |

Sample package supplied free on application

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, $3.00 a year, post-paid. MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.00 a year, post-paid. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, Que.

## NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUM LIST

VALUABLE BOOKS AND USEFUL PRIZES.

The *Messenger* premium list for 1887-88 is an entirely new one and has been selected with great care.

Read the following list of prizes offered for the *Northern Messenger* and see how anyone with very little effort can become the owner of a nice prize.

To the person sending us FIVE NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS or SEVEN RENEWALS at 30 cents each we will give their choice of any one of eight beautiful prizes, as follows:—

1. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.
2. BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY.
3. FAST IN THE ICE.—The thrilling story of Arctic adventure, by R. M. Ballantyne.
4. ILLUSTRATED NATIONAL PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY.
5. A SILVER-PLATED SUGAR SHELL.
6. A SILVER-PLATED BUTTER KNIFE.

FOR TEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS, or FIFTEEN RENEWALS at 30c each our workers will have their choice of the following:—

1. A KNIGHT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."—By the Rev. E. P. Roe.
2. OPENING A CHESTNUT BURR.
3. THE HOME AT GREYLOCK.
4. BEN HUR, by General Lew Wallace.
5. THE PERIL OF DAY.
6. MRS. SOLOMON SMITH LOOKING ON.—By "PANSY;
7. THE POCKET MEASURE.—By "PANSY;"
8. THREE PEOPLE.—By "PANSY."
9. SLICED ANIMALS.—A large box of brilliantly colored pictures of all sorts of animals on strong pasteboard
10. A SILVER PLATED SUGAR SHELL AND BUTTER KNIFE.

FOR FIFTEEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS or TWENTY RENEWALS AT 30c each:—

1. TOM BROWN AT RUGBY.—By Thomas Hughes.
2. DRAYTON HALL.—By the author of "Little Kaity and Jolly Jim."
3. THE LAMPLIGHTER.—By Maria S. Cummins.
4. THE REVISED BIBLE.—A neat, still, cloth-covered edition, with red edge.

When working for prizes mark each letter IN COMPETITION so that it will be placed to your credit.

Sample copies and blank forms supplied on application by post card.

Remittances should be made by registered letter or money order and each name with P. O. address and Province should be written very plainly so as to avoid any mistake.

In selecting the prize be careful to mention correctly the one earned.

Address all communications

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.,
*Witness* Office,
Montreal.

YOUR NAME neatly printed on 25 NEW FLORAL HIDDEN NAME CARDS, and 30c. Book of Agents Samples sent post-paid for 20 cents. RAY CARD CO., Clintonville, Conn.

Over 6,000,000 PEOPLE USE FERRY'S SEEDS

D. M. FERRY & CO. are admitted to be the Largest Seedsmen in the world. D. M. FERRY & CO'S Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced SEED ANNUAL For 1888 will be mailed FREE TO ALL applicants, and to last season's customers without ordering it. Invaluable to all. Every person using Garden, Field or Flower SEEDS should send for it. Address D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James street, Montreal, by John Dougall & Son, composed of John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal, and James Duncan Dougall, of New York.